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T H E

15

MOURNFUL TRAGEDY;

BEING A

TRUE COPY of VERSES,

SHEWING THE

UNPARELLELLED SUFFERINGS

O F

Mr. HEER VAN ESSEL,

A DUTCHMAN,

His LADY, and Sixteen SAILORS,

W H O

Through EXTREMITY and HARDSHIPS at SEA were
obliged to KILL and EAT one another.



L O N D O N,

Printed and Sold in ALDERMARY CHURCH-YARD,

BOW-LANE.



T H E
S U F F E R I N G S

O F

Mr. Heer Van Effel, &c.



P A R T I.

GOOD people I pray to my song lend an ear,
 The like in all ages you never did hear,
 Enough for to make on's heart for to bleed,
 If you but the same will please but to read.
 In Rotterdam, in Holland, as we hear,
 A pretty young gentlewoman lived I declare,
 And unto the Indies a voyage would go,
 To try if his fortune he could advance or no.
 Where by his industry and true management,
 He gain'd store of riches, likewise great content.
 His behaviour was such that most men do admire,
 And very few but did his company desire.
 At length he married a young lady fair,
 For wealth and good humour few could with her
 compare;
 The flower of India compared was she,
 There were none could outdo her for true courtesy.
 They lived in splendor, in love, and content,
 Nay, pleasing to all wheresoever they went,
 And what more encreased and crowned their joy,
 God pleased to send them a girl and boy,

In love and unity they did agree,
There was none lived more happy than the merchant
and she.

Their babes were their comfort, their joy and delight
Nay, the height of their pleasure both day and night,
This merchant and lady in splendor did live,
And unto the poor did most plentifully give;
They were the patterns of true charity,
Which gain'd them the praise of the whole country.
At length to his lady the merchant did cry,
If unto my humour you will but comply,
She said, my dear Jewel, whatever you crave,
If it lies in my power you soon shall it have.
My dear, my request is, That you will agree,
To go into Holland, my dearest, with me,
To the place of my nativity, where we will abide,
If you'll but agree, my dear Jewel, he cry'd,
I freely consent to Holland to go,
To see Helvetfluys, which you very well know,
The place where my father did first draw his breath,
Which I had rather see than any on earth.

P A R T II.

NOW unto the second part pray lend an ear,
Enough for to make you let fall a tear,
To hear of the hardships these souls underwent,
When you've heard it, your hearts with sorrow will
relent.

He freighted a ship and for Holland did sail,
With his wife and his children a sweet pleasant gale,
With sixteen brave sailors and sails neatly spread,
From mast unto mast to the fore-top-mast-head.
For the space of two months they had a pleasant gale
But at length the wind it began for to fail,

And proved calm for the space of six weeks,
Their provision was gone, they had nothing to eat:



They could reach no port by night or by day,
So for succour to God on their knees they did pray,
They had no succour at all their hunger to supply,
So the merchant's two children with hunger did die.
The merchant and his lady did sorely lament,
And the sailors for want of some nourishment,
Their hunger so great on the two babes they did feed.
'Tis enough for to make stony hearts to bleed.
The merchant did eat of his babies so dear,
While the lady for sorrow shed thousands of tears:
So the babes for awhile did their hunger suffice:

But now comes more sorrow and greater surprife.
 Unto their hard fortune and grief I declare,
 Which if you with patience will please to give ear,
 How these poor fouls with tears did implore
 Of God for to guide to some wishful shore.
 They having no succour their hunger to suffice,
 With all hands lifted up unto heaven did cry,
 But having no food they all did agree,
 Which of them should die their provision to be.
 The lady was obliged her lot for to take,
 And she was to die their food for to make ;



The merchant her husband her butcher to be,
 The lots so did fall, O cruel destiny.
 And when the poor lady was allotted to die,
 And her husband the butcher, unto God he did cry :
 Sweet Jesus forgive me my sins now I pray,
 For my body shall ransom my poor wife to-day,
 He call'd all the sailors, and thus did reply,
 To satisfy your hunger my lady must die,
 And my lot's her butcher, you know for to be,
 But my body shall ransom her death to be free,

So then in an instant a pistol he drew,
 And through his head a bullet then flew,
 At which all the sailors were struck with surprise,
 And the lady fell down with lamentable cries!
 And seeing her husband lie dead on the deck,
 She bath'd it with tears, but not one word could speak
 Only, Lord! when she came to herself she did cry,
 Sweet Jesus us pity, and hear our sad cry.

P A R T III.

THE merchant they eat while his body did last,
 The poor lady had nothing to break her fast,
 But a couple of rats her hunger to suffice,
 But now comes on more grief to their fatal surprise.
 The merchant being eat, and their hunger begun,
 To draw lots again it then did come on,
 And the sad fatal lot on the lady did fall,
 And the lady rejoic'd to the surprise of them all,
 And the knife was prepared her butcher to be,
 And the lady cried Lads, come and execute me,
 I freely forgive you, and freely I die.
 At which she prepared her throat instantly.
 Poor lady she came instantly into the room.
 Expecting that moment for to be her doom;
 Come on welcome death, the lady replies,
 On which a dispute did instantly rise.
 One Carpenter, a true Englishman,
 And her servants, with each a bludgeon in hand,
 Resolved to save the lady so fair,
 Or else for to die on the spot, I declare.
 On which a sore battle indeed did arile,
 And her servant was killed in this sad surprise;
 Likewise three more in the combat did fall,
 So the rest all their weapons laid down one and all,

The lady lay speechless, as I do declare,
 And they went to her, saying, Lady so fair,
 All sorrow with patience I beg you to bear,
 Said that trusty friend, that true Carpenter.
 At length they did the poor lady revive,
 And cried, Madam, while I am alive,
 My life's at your service, and shall till I die,
 At which the poor lady did to him reply,
 My friend you already have acted your part,
 In saving me, which is more than my desert,
 But God will repay you, I hope, she did say,
 Tho' I wish this had been my last dying-day.

P A R T IV.

THE poor lady down on her knees did fall,
 Crying Lord have compassion upon us all,
 Commiserate our sorrows sweet Jesus on high,
 And ease us of our calamity.
 For I can no longer in sorrow remain,
 My grief is so great I cannot detain,
 But I to the Deep will instantly go,
 To my husband and babes that lie here below.
 This Carpenter attended this lady so fair,
 for fear she should murder herself, I declare;
 Thus these unhappy souls were afflicted at sea,
 God grant that none may ever so afflicted be.
 At length all their number but four were dead,
 And the Carpenter unto the lady thus said,
 Despair not, Madam, for land I do see,
 And I hope that God will preserve you and me,
 And these poor souls which in the cabbins do lie,
 Yet still my dear lady with me pray comply,
 The ice comes so thick, and the frost is so hard,
 That from safety dear lady, pray be not debar'd.

I will to this agree, lo God work his will,
 And with God's leave I'll trust him still
 And with a plank this lady did convey,
 To their comfort to land that very same day.
 So they that have heard this tragedy pray,
 You unto God both night and day,
 For to be your guide, your support and your friend,
 And thus of this tragedy I make an end.

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F. I. N. I. S.